

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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Whole No. 300

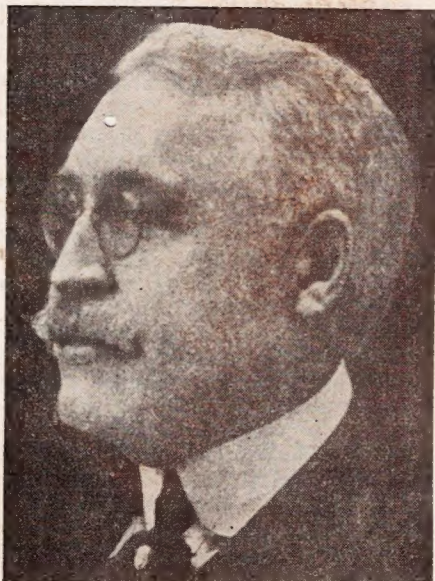
WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

By Stanley A. Pachon

Among the galaxy of writers who contributed so much towards the success of the firm of Street and Smith, the name of William Wallace Cook stands in the forefront for the quality and quantity of the stories produced. His fertile imagination; his ability to change both style and pace made him a valuable member on the writing team for Street and Smith.

William Wallace Cook was born on April 11, 1867 in Marshall, Mich., the only son of Charles Ruggles and Jane Elizabeth (Bull) Cook. He attended schools at Lafayette, Ind. Cleveland, Ohio, and Ottawa, Kansas. Young Cook began to show an aptitude for writing at an early age and his juvenile efforts at drama and fiction were greatly and enthusiastically appreciated by his young friends. While still living at Ottawa, Kans., he received an engraved certificate from Frank Leslie's *Boys and Girls Weekly*, an award of merit, certifying that "William Wallace Cook has been awarded Honorable Mention for excellence in literary composition" dated New York, Oct. 30, 1882, which did much to bolster his ambition to become a writer.

In the fall of 1882 the Cook family removed to Chicago, Ill. and Young Cook who had been attending the Ottawa High School was offered the choice, by his father, of either a University or Business education. Young Cook chose the latter and for the next two years attended Bryant and Stratton's Business College. After completing his studies he secured employment as a stenographer for a firm of



William Wallace Cook

subscription book publishers. A short time later he became a ticket agent for a railroad company, this lasted until the railroad company closed it's Chicago office. For a short while he worked for a firm of wholesalers in coke and in sewer pipes and later he was engaged as a paymaster for a firm of contractors. In between these jobs he was for a short time a reporter for the *Chicago Morning News*.

During this time, in his spare moments, he had been writing steadily and a good deal of his efforts had been published but without any remuneration. Sept. 19, 1889 was a red letter day for him as the *Detroit Free Press* published a story by him for which they paid him \$8.00.

In April of the same year, The Detroit Free Press had inaugurated a serial contest, Cook had submitted two stories, one under a pseudonym although neither won a prize they were both bought. For the first one published in 1891 he received \$75 and the second which appeared the following year he received \$100. His salary with the firm of contractors was \$100 a month and with the added income from his writing Cook decide to get married, so on Feb. 28, 1891 he married Anna Gertrude Slater of Madison, Wis.

In 1890 he had submitted a serial, "In Her Defence" to Elverson's *Saturday Night*, this was accepted and appeared in Vol. 28. For this he received \$75. Two other serials were submitted, "For Flora's Sake" and "By Proxy" these were also accepted and appeared in Vols. 29 and 31.

For these he received a better rate, being paid \$150 each for them.

Stories, poems, serials and sketches flowed from the fertile imagination of Cook. From the summer of 1889 to the summer of 1893 his work appeared in the following periodicals: *Puck*, *Truth*, *The Ladies World*, *Yankee Blade*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Chatter*, *Figaro*, *Chicago Blade*, *Banner Weekly*, *Ballou's* and many others. As his income from his writing began to exceed his salary with the firm of contractors, with the approval of his wife, he decided

to give up his job and devote all his time to writing.

On one of his visits to the office of The Chicago Ledger where he had made the acquaintance of its editor Alfred B. Tozer, who through the publication of Cook's serials in the Detroit Free Press had asked Cook to contribute to the pages of the Ledger. The payments were small in comparison to what Cook received for his serials in *Saturday Night*, but as Cook had become unusually prolific, he decided not to ignore this market and supplied Tozer with a number of Serials. His visit was in the early part of 1893, and he found the editor in an excited state of mind, Tozer showed him a letter he had received, with a bunch of clippings, from Street and Smith, requesting him to use the incidents for stories for their Nickel Libraries. (In his reminiscence "How I wrote 1000 Nick Carter Novels" Dey stated that Tozer was one of the new writers he broke in for the Nick Carter epic when the burden of work began to get too big for Dey to handle personally Among the other writers who helped out Dey were, Hooke, Derby, Davis and Roland Ashford Phillips to mention a few.) The sight of the letter set Cook to thinking. Up to date he had not submitted anything to Street and Smith and here was a new market for his output. So early in March, 1893, he sent the manuscript of a long story, which

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he had sent to various publishers and had been returned, to Street and Smith. In a letter dated Mar. 23, 1893 they stated "We are overcrowded with material for our Story Paper (**The New York Weekly**) for which we presume you submitted this manuscript.

The only field that is open with us is that of our various five and ten cent libraries. You are perhaps familiar with these, and if you have ever done anything in this line of work we should be pleased to have you submit the printed copy of same for our examination, and if we find suitable we think we could use some of your material in this line."

This was the opening Cook had been seeking. In a letter dated Chicago, Mar. 25, 1893 he stated that he had done some writing for the **Banner Weekly** and was a contributor to **Saturday Night**, and enclosed the first chapter of a western story, and adding "I should like to go ahead, write this story, submit it and let you see what I can do. I am able to turn out work in short order if you should desire it, and I feel that I can satisfy you. All I want to know is how long you want the stories, what prices are paid for them and whether there is any particular kind you need."

In reply Cook received the following letter dated New York, Mar. 30, 1893. "Our careful reading of the installment leads us to believe that you write easily, and can probably do suitable work for us. What we require for our libraries is something written up-to-date, with incidents new and original with which the daily press is teeming—if you will submit us such a story we shall be pleased to examine same, and if found suitable we will find a place for it at once. We pay for stories in this library \$100. They should contain 40,000 words, and when issued appear under our own nom de plume."

In the book **The Fiction Factory**, N. Y. 1956, by Quentin Reynolds, there is a picture, on page 97, of the first editor of **Good News**, who signed himself "W. B. Lawson" and in the introduction stated that he was the author of the "Diamond Dick Stor-

ies." In identifying the picture, Reynolds or someone else states that it is that of William Wallace Cook. This cannot be so since the first issue of **Good News** appeared May 15, 1890 and as the exchange of letters between Cook and the publishers would indicate, Cook first began to write for Street and Smith early in 1893, and in consequence could not have been the first editor of **Good News** or the author of the early **Diamond Dick Stories**, although he did contribute a number of them later.

This exchange of letters encouraged Cook and he submitted two stories. The shorter one was returned with the suggestion that he make over its chief character. The longer one was accepted and was to appear as a serial in **Good News** under a pseudonym. For it he was paid \$75.

During the remainder of the year Cook labored unceasingly to improve his writing, to make each succeeding story better. He was rapidly learning the knack of writing the nickel and ten cent novel. That he was improving was attested by a letter he received from the publishers complimenting him upon his improvement.

The year 1894 started rather inauspiciously for Cook. The publishers decided to use reprints for the library that Cook had been writing for. This proved a serious blow for him as he had been writing almost exclusively for Street and Smith and in consequence had lost contact with the other publishers. Just before the blow fell Cook had sent copies of **Saturday Night** containing his serials to Street and Smith to see if he could secure work for **The New York Weekly**. He was commissioned to write a love story under the company owned pseudonym of "Julia Edwards" for the weekly. Cook began the serial at once, sending two trial installments to the publishers. They met with the publishers approval for they wrote him—"We like the two installments, the style is good the action brisk and sensational, and of a curiosity arousing character."—and they told him to complete the story. While Cook was deep at work on this serial he re-

ceived a letter from the publishers to postpone work on the serial he was working and write another "Julia Edwards" story of the same type. The Safety Bicycle was the fashion at this time and they wanted a love story exploiting this new interest or fad. Cook undertook this new task willingly and on June 3rd, sent the balance of the Bicycle story. The publishers were pleased with the story for they informed him that "it was crowded with dramatic action, and is just what we want." For this and the former serial he was now completing he received \$300 each.

In June Cook planned a trip east and the publishers asked him to drop in as they had some special work for him. So early in July Cook made his first visit to the metropolis, and he planned a study of the city with the view of incorporating it in some of his work. The special work that the publishers wanted him to do was a story imitating the style of Archibald Clavering Gunther. He saturated himself in reading Mr. Barnes of New York and others, and from Michigan where he was visiting, mailed the publishers two installments of the new serial. They were very enthusiastic about it, and he was commissioned to write another one. These were published under a pseudonym copyrighted by Street and Smith. Cook wrote one more such story. For this the publishers paid him \$500.

At the conclusion of this work he was commissioned to write another "Julia Edwards" story, and as Cook confesses, he was overconfident and failed to surround himself with the proper "Julia Edwards" atmosphere. His two installments were returned with a letter stating—"the story will not do. We shall be obliged to give this work into other hands to do. The story as far as it goes is widely improbable and has a lack of cohesion in the incident. I think you wrote it hurriedly, without mature thought." This was indeed a blow to Cook's pride and pocketbook!

During 1894 Cook supplied Street and Smith with the following material.

- 10 stories for the Log Cabin Libry.
- 2 Julia Edwards serials
- 2 Gunther type serials
- 2 Nickel weeklies (Nugget Library—New York 5c Liby.)
- 1 serial for Good News.

In Jan. 1895 Cook received a letter from Street and Smith stating that the Nickel Library business was not very flourishing, that after this he would receive only \$40 for any nickel novels he would submit. This was a bad blow for him. So he asked for another chance to do a "Julia Edwards" serial. This he was permitted to do and taking care not to commit the same mistake he sent in the story which this time met with the editor's approval. For although he was busy turning out nickel novels and serials for the Weekly as well as short sketches for Puck and other publishers, Cook was eager to augment his income with other work. He asked for orders to submit stories to **The Log Cabin Library** and serials to **Good News**. He was allowed to send in some Gentleman Joe stories, two being accepted for which he received \$50 each.

In the fall of 1895 Cook discovered that he had been working too hard and a doctor warned him that he was threatened with tuberculosis and recommended that Cook spend some time in the southwest. So in Nov. 1895 Cook and his wife found themselves on a ranch near Phoenix, Arizona. They stayed there until Apr. 1896, Cook keeping busy writing nickel novels, sketches and short stories. In May he was told to seek drier air so he moved further into the mountains of Arizona where he interested himself in a gold mine. Not having enough of his own money he went east to form a company and secure the necessary capital to purchase and develop it. About the middle of July he returned to Phoenix, still writing and hoping that his mining venture would prove successful. His health became worse and he was ordered to give up writing entirely. He at once telegraphed Street and Smith that he could not carry on the work and in reply the publishers stated that his

nickel novel work was assigned to another writer. Misfortune did not come singly. After a few weeks the mining venture proved a failure and Cook was out \$10,000, money he had saved from his writing. In some desperation, Cook decided to go to New York and see if he could again secure his writing assignment with Street and Smith. Just before Christmas he and his wife left Phoenix and arrived Jan. 1, 1897 with less than \$100.

During 1895 Cook contributed the following items to Street and Smith.
32 Nickel Weeklies

2 Serials

2 Gentleman Joe Stories

While during 1896 due to his poor health he contributed only

32 Nickel Weeklies

The Cooks arrived during the time when New Yorkers were shivering in the grip of an old fashioned winter. They secured quarters in a boarding house on Forty-fourth St. and more misfortune descended on Cook for he was laid up with a bad attack of rheumatism and he and his wife watched their small hoard of money melt away for expenses. Just before being laid up Cook paid a visit to the offices of Street and Smith and asked to be put back on the contributing staff of the firm. But here he met with disappointment as the work that he had been doing had been turned over to other writers who were turning in acceptable stories and in justice to them, he was informed, Street and Smith could not take the work out of their hands. But he was given an order for four nickel novels to be held in reserve in case manuscripts from the regular contributors failed to arrive on time. But a few days later he was informed that the writer who contributed for the library was well and anxious to continue and for Cook to complete the stories he started and not write any more for that particular library, two were accepted for which he received \$40 each.

His attack of rheumatism having improved, Cook returned to Chicago with his wife in March and rented a flat on the North Side. But his health was still poor and he could devote

only a part of the day to writing. He tried syndicate articles in the newspapers but without success. Several chapters of a Julia Edwards serial sent to the Weekly were returned as unsatisfactory. Another serial submitted was finally accepted and \$200 paid him. Cook was not satisfied with this sum as he felt he should have received \$300 for it and wrote to the publishers to that effect. He received an additional \$100. This proved a big help to the Cooks for their resources were very low.

During the early part of 1898 he sold one more serial for the Weekly and although was not of the best he decided to take a trip to New York City to see if he could secure any writing assignments, reaching the city in April he found that he had arrived at an opportune time. The Klondike Gold Rush was very much in the public mind and Street and Smith felt that a new library based upon the Klondike Gold Rush would prove a success and because Cook was on the spot he was given the job of furnishing copy.

Cook and his wife had settled themselves at their old boarding house on 44th Street where during the months of April, May and June Cook was busy supplying the "Klondike Kit" stories, a juvenile serial and a serial for the Weekly. To escape the excessive heat the Cooks moved to the Catskill Mountains and made their home temporarily at a hotel near Cairo. In August he received a letter from the publishers that due to the rather poor success of the "Klondike Kit Libry" it would become a monthly. In December the Cooks returned to their old home in Chicago, his health still far from good and a doctor whom Cook consulted stated that with proper medication he could be cured in a year or a year and a half. To supplement his income Cook undertook to write a couple "Julia Edwards" serials and in addition to supply a number of Nickel novels to a library which the regular writer being sick could not supply. All this extra work brought the already sick Cook into a state of collapse. At the

doctors orders Cook eased up a little instead of typing out all the material on an improved table over his sick bed as he had been doing, he hired a stenographer and for two weeks dictated his stories to him. With this help and with the continued treatments by the doctor his health steadily improved.

During 1897 Cook supplied Street and Smith with the following

2 Nickel Weeklies

1 Serial.

While during 1898 his score was better.

16 Klondike Kit Librys.

2 Serials

1 Juvenile Serial.

With improved health Cook was kept quite busy during 1899 and supplied Street and Smith with the following items.

3 Klondike Kits

1 Julia Edwards Serial

35 Nickel Weeklies

Late in May 1900 Cook again made a trip to New York, accompanied by his wife, with some manuscripts with which he hoped to interest Street and Smith or possibly some other publisher. The editor of the Weekly, A. D. Hall refused the submitted manuscript but suggested that Cook submit it to Mathew White Jr. editor of Munsey's *Argosy*. This Cook proceeded to do, after considering the manuscript White accepted it but offered Cook only \$250 for the serial rights. Cook considered the price rather low in comparison with what he was receiving for similar material but he decided to accept this price as he reflected that this would open another market for his material.

About this time Cook also received some more additional work from Street and Smith. The Publishers had started the *Do and Dare Weekly*, Feb. 17, 1900. The original writer became sick after supplying 15 stories with one not complete, Cook was given this to complete and a few days later was given the entire series to carry. This was in addition to supplying Street and Smith with stories for another Weekly. At this sudden burst of affluence Cook and his wife de-

cide to take a short outing to Atlantic City, returned to New York City for a few days and then went to Boston. Here they settled in a hotel where he devoted his mornings writing while the afternoons were given over to sight seeing. They finished the summer near Monterey in the Berkshire Hills. In August the Cooks went west, visiting Wisconsin and Michigan returning to the town he was born in, Marshall, Mich., Cook bought an old home and decided to make his permanent residence here.

For some reason the *Do and Dare Weekly* did not catch on with the youthful readers, although well written and presented in an interesting way. Cook was notified to conclude the adventures of Phil Rushington and his friends in such a way that the series could be resumed at some future date if the publishers decided to revive the characters. *Do and Dare* continued for some time but with a new character in each story. Cook contributed only three stories in this new form. The publishers at this time decided to use a good deal of reprints and in consequence Cook was advised that the publishers could not use any more original stories from him for some time to come. So Cook was forced to submit his stories elsewhere. A story sent to Matthew White Jr. was accepted and \$200 paid him for it. Cook's horizon began to brighten again for in February 1901 he received an order from Street and Smith that ten of the older stories which he had written for another library were to be revised and lengthened by 10,000 words, for this work he was to receive \$30 each after that he was to write new stories for which he was to be paid \$50, but in August the stories were cut to 20,000 words and the price cut to \$40.

During 1901 Street and Smith started another juvenile paper *Boys of America* and Cook was invited to submit serials to it. Cook contributed four and was paid \$100 each for them.

The year 1901 was a good one for Cook, he sold the following items to Street and Smith.

10 rewritten nickel weeklies

24 Nickel weeklies

4 Serials for Boys of America.

1902 was another busy year for Cook, he submitted two novels to the Argosy and for Street and Smith he continued to turn out nickel novels and serials for their boys paper. On Nov. 20th 1902 Cook received the following letter from Street and Smith "—much as I regret to inform you of it, by a recent purchase of copyright stories we are placed in a position where we will not require any further material for any of our five cent libraries for some time to come so we must discontinue orders to you for all this material." Cook was becoming used to such messages, he turned his thoughts to writing serials for the Argosy. In Dec. 1902, Jan., Feb. 1903 he forwarded and sold three such serials for \$700.

For 1902 Cooks score with Street and Smith was as follows:

23 Nickel weeklies

8 Detective Stories for their thick books

4 Serials for Boys of America.

On Mar. 2nd, 1903 Street and Smith notified him to continue his work on the Five Cent Weekly he was engaged on before his termination in 1902. So to the end of the year he contributed 42 nickel novels as well as two detective stories. The year 1903 was also important for Cook as his first cloth bound book was published by the G. W. Dillingham Co. titled "His Friend the Enemy."

In Jan. 1904 on his periodic visit to New York City and Street and Smith he was told to discontinue work on the library he was engaged on and that in two months he would have a new library to take care of which Street and Smith were planning to issue. While in the city Cook went about submitting various manuscripts to other publishers and publications and he made a number of sales. When he returned to Michigan on Feb. 9th he had sold over \$900 worth of stories and had a new library for Street and Smith to which he was to supply one story of 35,000 words every two months. In May Cook was told to

again resume work on the weekly he had been engaged on and continued to send in his stories until November when he again was notified to stop. Dodd, Mead and Co., who had accepted the manuscript of a juvenile story published it in Sept under the title of "Wilby's Dan".

After supplying Street and Smith with all the material ordered he supplied 4 serials, novelettes and short stories to The Argosy. One serial to the Chicago Ledger and various odd items to Popular Magazine, Munsey's, etc.

For 1905 26 Nickel weeklies

For 1904-1905 14 Red Raven Library and Paul Jones Wkly.

During 1906 he was contributing to the Blue Book, The Red Book, The Railroad Man's, The All Story, The People's and the Argosy as well as continuing his work for Street and Smith. He supplied a Julia Edwards serial for The New York Weekly. For its background he used the San Francisco earthquake which was very favorably received. On Nov. 12 he arrived in New York City for his annual visit and made the rounds of the various publications and when he and his wife left for Michigan in mid December he had orders for over \$1100 worth of stories.

For Street and Smith in 1906

2 Paul Jones Weekly

1 Julia Edwards Serial

4 Might and Main

2 Rough Rider Weekly

3 Bowery Boy

Beginning in March 1907 Cook had written some more Nickel Novels for Street and Smith. In July he was switched to another line of nickel novels and this work he kept for the remainder of the year. He was also asked to write another Julia Edwards serial for the Weekly. This was an automobile story. The various Munsey publications also absorbed a good deal of his output.

For Street and Smith in 1907.

14 Rough Rider Weekly

23 Buffalo Bill Stories

1 Julia Edwards Serial.

During the later part of July and earlier part of Aug. 1908 Cook was

in New York City. After contacting the various editors and soliciting orders for his stories, he in those two weeks wrote two nickel novels and one serial for the Munsey Publications. In November he received a letter from Street and Smith stating that they noticed a number of his stories in the *Argosy* and that they would like to issue them in paper covers if he would lengthen the stories to 75,000 words and offering him \$100 a story for this. Cook decided to make another trip to New York City and try to secure book rights of the serials that were published in other publications. So just before Christmas the Cooks' arrived in New York City. After some negotiation with the various publishers and editors he secured these rights. Out of the long list of serials Cook found that seven met the publisher's demands as to length. These were offered and accepted. This became "The New Fiction Library" which ran to 41 titles.

For 1908 Cook wrote the following for Street and Smith:

49 Buffalo Bill Stories

7 New Fiction Libraries

Late in November Cook had been notified that he was to be given a new library to carry. This was the *Motor Stories* which after 32 issues was discontinued by the publishers. Cook actually wrote 34 of the stories, the remaining two stories were published in *Brave and Bold Weekly*.

During 1909 his score with Street and Smith was as follows:

34 Motor Stories

7 Buffalo Bill Stories

21 for the New Fiction Library

In 1910 Cook tried his hand at writing scenarios for a moving picture concern who had secured a concession for taking pictures with Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East Show. He furnished a good many of them and he was warmly complimented "as the greatest Western scenes I have ever witnessed—that is, truest to life." But the returns were very unsatisfactory and did not pursue the matter further until the remuneration became better. He was also thinking of discontinuing

his nickel novel work and devoting his time to writing more enduring work. 1910 was a busy year for him. Besides supplying Street and Smith, he contributed to Munsey's *Blue Book*, Gunther's *Columbian* and *The Scrap Book*.

For Street and Smith for 1910

40 Buffalo Bill Stories

5 Nick Carter Weekly

From 1911 onward his contributions to the Street and Smith Nickel libraries steadily declined. When William Gilbert Patten the originator of the Merriwells became the editor of *Top Notch Magazine*, Cook with William Almon Wolff and John H. Whitson continued the series, but it did not last long. Cook began to turn his talents to supplying serials and novels to the many pulp magazines that had appeared at the decline of the nickel novel. But the bulk of his output was absorbed by the various Street and Smith publications. For a number of years he had either a short story or serial in about every issue of *Top Notch Magazine* under his own name and various pseudonyms. During the 1920's he was kept busy supplying stories for the various motion picture companies. He received \$2500 for a five or six reel story. The old favorite stars like Douglas MacLean and Tom Mix often starred in his stories. He continued to write steadily over the years until his death July 20, 1933 at Marshall, Mich. His first wife died in 1913. He married again in 1926. His widow, Mary Ackley Wallace, survived him.

He was the author and originator of *Plotto*, an aid for writers on which he worked for a number of years.

Cook was a prolific user of pen names due to his vast output. It is said that he earned over \$300,000 during his lifetime from writings. Miller in his *Dime Novel Authors* lists the following pen names for Cook. "Henry Harrison Lewis," "Z. R. Bennett," "Richard Dowling," "Brooks McCormick," "Alfred Oldfellow," "William Dalton," "David Southwick," "Gordon Stables." Henry Harrison Lewis was a real person, a writer for Street and Smith as well as Gordon Stables and William Dalton. David Southwick

was a Frank A. Munsey inspired pen name attached to a story taken from the English publication The Union Jack. "Brooks McCormick" was the pseudonym of William Taylor Adams. Of Z. R. Bennett and Alfred Old-fellow I have been unable to find anything but strongly doubt if these two are pseudonyms of Cook.

The following pen names are the proven names used by Cook in writing with others as well as the ones he used exclusively by himself. He used many more but so far these are the only ones uncovered. The writer would welcome any additional pen names.

- "Julia Edwards" (partim)
- "Robert Lee Tyler" (partim)
- "Bertha M. Clay" (partim)
- "Stanley Norris" (partim)
- "W. B. Lawson" (partim)
- "Hugh P. Rodman"
- "Capt. Luther Barr" (partim)
- "Old Salt" (partim)
- "John Milton Edwards"
- "Donald Grayson"
- "Stanley K. Mathews"
- "Burt L. Standish" (partim)
- "Ralph Boston"
- "Milton Edwards"
- "One of the Boys" (partim)
- "John R. Conway" (partim)
- "Nick Carter" (partim)
- "Author of Buffalo Bill" (partim)
- "Ned Taylor" (partim)

I wish also to express my deep appreciation to Ralph Adimari who so generously supplied me with much information in regards to Cook as well as calling to my attention the only known picture of Cook and listing many items of Cook's writing in obscure periodicals. Unfortunately much of this information could not be used due to the limitations of space. To Miss Esther J. Ford of Street and Smith who has graciously supplied me with much valuable data from the files of Street and Smith information which otherwise could not have been obtained, my sincere thanks. I also wish to thank Ralph Cummings and Eli A. Messier for their valuable help, and to our genial editor and publisher for his patience.

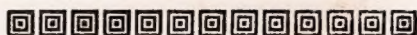
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at \$1.00 each

Beadles Dime Library #91 720 358
823 360 364 700 647 640 824 299 705
713 708 333 331 266 255 254 252 238-S
251 940 948-S 951 883 864 196 42 704
706 366 327T 352S 303 222T 87T 369
377T 163S 658T 774 1028 971 970S
920 885 875 806 872 1081 935S 679
337 354 235 229 227 325 316-S 310-S
301 905 167 160 193T 279T 271 334
293-T 161-T 417-T 265-T 1014-T 1010-T
50-T 516-T 893-T not such a bad lot pards.

The following numbers are all taped, one or 2 with stamps on them.
#604 615 285 924 825 828 868 450 49
piece torn out of cover. \$.75 each or all for \$6.00.

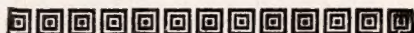
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WANTED

Beadles Dime #84 291 326.
Beadles Half Dime #383 861
Work and Win #548
Frank Starr's American Novels #57
130
Log Cabin Library #123
Brave and Bold #77 93 127
Tip Top #480
Nick Carter Library #98
Liberty Boys #147 569
Happy Days #364 367
Nickel Library #716 773

CHARLES ROTHSTEIN
6 Deering Road
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PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE RAW

By Charlie Duprez

The above title does not mean what you think it does, far from it; I am merely turning back the pages of time when a camera was not in the household of most persons as today. The outstanding event, was going to some studio where a photographer—of sorts had an ancient apparatus, a crude background and a bear skin rug. The later for the many howling nude infants who were the cause of various under the focusing cloth operators going whacky.

Only the doting mother could understand his "watch the birdie" routine. Incidentally this old bromide is still used by sidewalk comedians who think they have said something highly amusing and original, much to the disgust of the modern type photographer. Even Joe Miller in his once famous joke book passed that one up.

At the time there were no cameras with the many fancy gadgets. All printing was done IF the sun was shining, if not the customer might wait indefinitely for the finished results. Gas light paper for printing by artificial light soon followed, then came flashliht powder which usually created so much smoke only one shot could be taken. The smoke pouring out of a window was the cause of many false fire alarms being sent in.

This once happened on my wedding night, when some well meaning neighbor turned out the fire department. I still recall four burly firemen bursting into our third floor apartment, one with a lantern, the other three with enough hardware to wreck the building. Naturally, they were not in the best of spirits finding it was nothing that required their further efforts. However, seeing a wedding had just terminated and being invited to help deplete a bottle of red eye, everyone was in a happy mood. They left with good wishes to the bridal pair, something, having taken the step into matrimony, I could use a lot of.

The foregoing is a bit ahead of my story, so do not start guessing my



age. Let's start when at a very very tender age I was messing around with an old box camera, little realizing at the time that a camera was in later years to get me into all sorts of amusing and exciting adventures, first as a know-nothing printed in one of those ancient studies, many years as a news photographer, then doing publicity work for the silent movies, and last, in the commercial field which I liked the best and am still clicking shutters.

I was the type of youngster never seen today, short pants, a shirt, perhaps a hat if you owned one. The kids today start wearing long pants just as soon as their diapers are cast aside. To me they all look like little old men, and the girls wearing dungarees with shirt tail hanging out not much better. Rather difficult at times to figure is it male or female.

Now even though we wore short pants, we were far from being the Little Lord Fauntleroy type. There were frequent fist fights and coming home with one or two eyes in technicolor. I had quite a few, but usually gave out as many as received.

Getting back to photography, after I managed to make some prints with the before N. C. type film (non curling) it took quite a hefty bit of doing getting it into the printing frame.

The results were quite sad indeed but not near as sad as all the leg work I did selling newspapers, then selling 25 for 15 cents, making a ten cent profit—if I sold them all, quite often my gains were wiped out by my investment. Therefore it took quite a while in order to buy some film and developer.

Finally making some passable prints, right away I was printer and turned professional, if you can call it that. For such a job I applied at a now non-existent department store. Bauman's on downtown Fulton St. in Brooklyn, N. Y. Whether this, after its demise has any connection with the present Bauman stores, I wouldn't know. The photographer in charge soon saw that I knew as much about professional printing as he did about the Einstein theory, so we were both even on that score. My willing efforts to learn, being an ardent reader of the Horatio Alger rags to riches tales stimulated to the point where besides being helpful with the photography end, mopped floors, washed windows and dusted some badly neglected spots of the studio. My enthusiasm was not in vain as the photographer took me in tow and really showed me the fine points. Therefore when the studio was abandoned due to it being found non-profitable, at least I knew something about it. So an inexperienced sad boy was once more on the loose looking for employment, this time finding a less paying job as cash boy, earning the wonderful salary of two dollars a week. Considering it took sixty cents car fare a week, my profit for six days was nothing to brag about. Nature required that I had to eat, what I had to eat, I'm sure was not composed of turkey sandwiches. My recollection of the sales girls with their skyscraper pompadors, often wondered what they had under all that mess of hair, some possibly with part of their Daddy's cast off shirt.

The days of the cash boy were soon done away with due to some smart Alec inventor creating a wire basket that ran on a wire to the cashier and back to the salesgirl. The invention

was not really the cause of my losing that job, it was due to my Momma who was outraged that the firm, A. D. Mathews, also on Fulton St. took out of my big salary two days pay as I was sick the day before a holiday, taking out both the sick day and the holiday. This thrift on their part did not stop them from going out of business and it caused no tears on our part when it happened. Even the later vogue of exaggerated Scotchman gags did not go that far for being thrifty.

Alger's boy hero however was not discouraged. Photography was still in my mind, but laid that to rest for a while taking the job as an American District Telegraph messenger. This paid 2½ cents for every message delivered. Five of us sat on a bench eagerly awaiting our turn, but the clerk handing out the messages had his pets, saving the best and easiest ones for his favorite. I wasn't it.

One can imagine how I strutted before my boy friends in that nice uniform. My very first long pants. Oh glory be. Grandmaw, Grandpaw, my Momma and brother one pay day night, as I arrived home had the table all set for the big bread winner and I proudly on each plate except my own placed a nice shiny silver dollar, then standing back for the applause as four dollars in our family was big potatoes. I often wondered what mileage I put in earning that huge sum.

Not long after, a very rainy day I arrived home soaking wet—result a few weeks in bed wiping out any profit I might have made as a messenger. Newspapers often made fun of the messengers, even to a sketch I once saw of a messenger running, with bewildered spectators looking on. So ended my career as messenger.

The old N. Y. Herald which finally merged into the Herald Tribune ran an ad that caught my eagle eye. Under photographers, printer wanted. Printers or photographers were not a dime for a cart load as today, I was taken on for a try out, the boss one George Grantham Bain, located in the still existent Park Row Building. He was one of a few free lance news

photographers, and for his kind of printing I was wonderful. All he ever did was take it easy on a swivel chair and hand out assignments to his one outside man. Being consigned to inside work soon had me with itchy feet and longing to go out with a camera and try my hand at news material. The opportunity came one day when poor old Henry the outside man reported ill. As fate would have it, John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire who was well known not only for his wealth, but tossing away dimes was due on an incoming ship and my boss just had to have something on it for his news service. I was his only hope. Taking out an old battered Kodak he showed me just how to use it and gleefully I started out on my very first news assignment.

A good Angel must have hovered over me that day as I came back with some real good shots. From then on occasionally, one assignment followed another until I got too big for my pants and told the boss I wasn't satisfied with my nine dollars a week. He merely smiled and I thought, 'Aha, comes pay day I'll get it'; having given him the ultimatum, "I get it or else." Pay day arrived, the boss did not weep on my shoulder and beg me to stay, so my pride just would not permit backing out.

Dauntless Charlie, that's me, then went from one newspaper to another without any editor falling for my salesmanship as photographer.

Trying the few remaining free lance photographic concerns Dame Fortune again came to the front, I hit pay dirt with a firm called Spooner and Wells, located in Lincoln Square who specialized in only photographing automobile events. The then well known Glidden Tours were being given considerable attention and my very first assignment there was on one that was starting from New York City down into Pennsylvania. They managed to assign me to one car, a Pierce Arrow containing a driver and a mechanic. Many cars entered trying for a perfect score, stopping at various checking points enroute. This kind of photography was duck soup

for me, fifteen dollars a week and all expenses paid. Much has been written about the Glidden tours, but this is my unpublished experience when one night we stopped at a small farm for over night accommodations. They had room for two, but as driver and mechanic wanted to be together I was referred to a nearby farm house who took me in—but only for a few hours. Assigned to a room the size of a soap box, or thereabouts started to make myself comfortable. It had running water in it, providing you went outside to the well and came running back with it. It was a Quaker family and the head of the house having a keen sense of smell detected smoke coming from my room. No I didn't set the house afire, but I did cause an unpardonable sin, I was smoking a cigarette. The horror of it. Camera, a dilapidated suitcase and myself were tossed out the front door. The only place left was an open railroad station where I then spent the night. In those days I could have slept on a picket fence. In spite of all, my return to New York showed some very good pictures that were used in the various motor magazines such as Motor, The Horseless Age, etc.

Following this the annual automobile show at Grand Central Palace. All the various bright new shiny now ancient autos and accessories on display, photographing each and every manufacturer's display. With a big 8 x 10 plate camera, flash powder was used or special lamps. Powder flashes here were, not so bad, the place being so big. The pictures were usually taken after the show had closed for the night with no one around to get under your feet. Nothing exciting about it, just a lot of hard work ending up possibly around 2 A.M.

Much has been published about the New York to Paris Race, starting from Times Square New York City Lincoln's birthday, March 12th, 1908. Only six cars entered such a grueling undertaking, sponsored by the New York Times and Le Martin of Paris. The Thomas Flyer was the only American car. Only 4 ever got to Chicago and beyond. I won't go into the

many details of this historical auto race except to add that the Thomas and the German Protos reached Paris. The route ran across the U. S. to San Francisco, then to Alaska where they were to cross the Bering Straits on the ice to Siberia, then down through Europe to Paris, just like that. The Yukon Pass however was found impassible so a return to Seattle, a boat to Japan, another boat to Vladivostok. I can just imagine any American car being allowed going through Russia today.

Whoever the photographer was accompanying the Thomas was I do not know, but he quit some place in Indiana. I was assigned to take his place. Catching a midnight train loaded down with a camera and plenty heavy wearing apparel finally caught up with the Thomas at 7 a.m. one bitter cold morning in a small town in Iowa called Missouri Valley. They were so loaded down however that the driver Monty Roberts told me to catch another train for Omaha, Neb. where a general overhauling was to take place. That I did not mind one bit.

From Omaha on usually a pilot car was engaged that knew the route for several hundred miles when another would take its place. I usually made my shots from the pilot cars showing the Thomas at various points. I saw Paris—quite a few years later. Why? My reading matter had gone from Horatio Alger to the lurid dime novels, and in Cheyenne I bought myself a nice shiny 38 Iver Johnson. It was this gun that terminated my contact with the race when we got to San Francisco.

It happened between Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyo. Both Monty and one of his mechanics carried rifles. On the lone prairie they got out to take pot shots at the many jackrabbits. A swell spot for me to try out that nice 38, but my aim fortunately for mechanic Schuster was bad as I near clipped the ears off Schuster, the rabbit being between us. From there on Schuster made my life quite miserable. All my efforts to help digging snow and other needed assistance did

not soften his heart so being the driver from Ogden, Utah on saw to it that the great Kid photographer was left behind.

At Cheyenne a reporter named Charles E. Van Loan from the Denver Post covered the race to Ogden. Van later wrote great baseball stories for Saturday Evening Post, also quite a while with the New York American. Where Schuster hated me, Van took just the opposite view. So much so, watching me get the various angles saw in me a good news photographer.

Spending 6 nights and 5 days on the train back to New York a week passed when Van wired me, would I accept a job on the Denver Post at \$25.00 per week, camera supplied. Would I? Bidding Momma another fond goodbye was on my way back to the Golden West and a good job. Twenty-five a week in those days was good as seventy-five today.

The many exciting adventures that fell to my lot while with the Post would require a book, but the one outstanding one in which my 38 again got me into trouble was in Evanston, Wyoming. On my very first assignment too. The Post sponsored a 600 mile horse race, extended to about 40 odd cowboys who qualified from various parts of the West. A considerable sized prize was to be awarded to the winner. Expenses were paid by the Post to Evanston, from there on in they were on their own.

When Van insisted to the editor that I cover this event in place of their regular photographer, said photographer was quite upset. He had every right to be, but Van still insisted.

A train from Denver loaded with many cowboys and horses, plus Van and myself then left for Evanston. An entirely new experience for me and quite a thrill.

They had two days at Evanston before the start where a rodeo was held. Now Van, a great big Swede with a heart as big as himself was quite a wag. I can still see him talking to someone, his arm around the fellow, standing on the fellow's foot and with a smile calling him a pucilanious

lous—whatever that is I never knew.

While drifting around looking for some interesting shots the day before the start a tap on the shoulder. The Sheriff. Van knew guns were not permitted within the town limits and he knew I had that 38 with me. So Van's idea of high humor was having the Sheriff stick me into the pokey (jail to you) where I spent quite an unhappy time knowing the race was to be held the following morning. The Sheriff must have gone along with Van's idea as I heard later the both of them had quite a time over a few drinks of red eye knowing what a job they had put up on me.

Of course Van saw to it that I was released in time for the start, but my feathers sure had been plenty ruffled.

Here again a pilot car was engaged to follow the leaders. It took as I recall about a week for only two riders to finish, the winner a man named Charles Workman on his horse Teddy. Workman came from Cody, Wyoming.

A great crowd had collected on both sides of Champa Street, Denver, where the race terminated in front of the Post Bldg.

Like many youngsters the wandering boy eventually became homesick. Wearing a cowboy type hat and with just about enough money to get to Chicago I rode the rails via freight trains back to New York. Yes, I met up with plenty real hoboes doing the same thing, some were real friendly chaps who showed me the ropes how to get away with it. Others, just bad characters so 'tis no wonder my suit case with all my belongings had been stolen. Landing in New York I still had enough car fare to get home which only required five cents.

Mom was not notified about my intention of coming home as I did not want her to worry about my financial

condition. Sending her ten dollars each week from my salary, naturally I was not burdened with wealth, therefore the necessity of riding the rails from Chicago. Arriving home finding her at the wash board was not what a returning hero would expect. I sure looked like a bum, which I was, however, my welcome home could not have been greater had I arrived dressed to kill.

Having had by that time plenty of real newspaper experience it was not long before I was again busy with a camera.

FOR BERTHA M. CLAY

Sent in by Ralph Adimari

Could I but pluck the quill from an Eagle's wing,
And dip it in the most brilliant hue,
Of the last bright ray of the setting sun,
I would write across this page that it bring,

A vow of eternal friendship for you.

—Lynne Gray

EXCHANGE COLUMN

Wanted: Wide Awake Magazine, Fame and Fortune Magazine, and Tip Top Semi-Monthly, all published by Street & Smith. Samuel Olnhausen, 824 Chester Ave., E. Liverpool, Ohio.

Wanted: Will pay \$2.00 each or give good swap in novels you want for Buffalo Bill Border Stories (15 cent novels) Nos. 131 133 140 141 142 143 145 146 151 183 197. Charles Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn 4, New York.

Wanted: Copy of poem entitled "The Seminole's Reply" which was quoted in part in "Julius, the Street Boy," by Alger. Will give a good condition Alger or Book for the copy. John H. Foster, 1202 W. Howard Ave., Dade City, Fla.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

- 16 Edward J. Smeltzer, 3346 N. Mutter St., Phila., Pa. (New address)
- 111 Benjamin Tighe, 1755 Main St., Athol, Mass. (New address)
- 189 A. Nugent, Jr., 214 E. Main St., Richmond, Va. (New address)
- 151 Denis R. Rogers, 111 Hazelbank Road, Catford, London, S. E. 6 England (New address)
- 205 Morion S. Enslin, 16 Prospect St., Canton, N. Y. (New address)
- 9 Albert Johannsen, Box 566, Winter Park, Fla. (New address)

THE LIFE OF HAPPY HOURS MAG & DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP ALSO H. H. BRO.

By Ralph F. Cummings

Along in September or October I believe it was, of 1924, Ralph Smith of Lawrence was down at the old place where I used to live, on Providence Road, Grafton, Mass., and two miles from the center of the town, being the same distance from both Farnumsville and Fisherville, at the old Riverside Farm, where my father had a large milk route, as well as an ice cream business (my father and mother worked very hard, only to lose out in the 1929 crash, and I often wonder what did it get them, we all worked, now my father and mother are gone, so is my only sister, and I've only a brother left besides myself, so what did it bring us, I'd like to know?) But I'm getting away from what I'm going to say, so I'll get back in line right now.

When Ralph Smith came down to visit me, we talked over about getting started the Happy Hours Brother-hood, and to have a little magazine to go with it.

So the H. H. Bro. was started in November 1924, and in January a little size 6 x 9 4 page magazine came out for Jan. Feb. 1925, No. 1 Vol. 1 issue. We had for that year, the following members in line, as follows, No. 1 up: Ralph Smith, myself, or should I say Ralph Cummings, maybe that's better, and Robert M. Rowan, John Ferguson, Robert H. Smeltzer, John Matula, Joe H. Kahnt, Ralph F. Adimare, Earl Farmer, C. H. Blake, Geo. Sahr, Thomas Kelly, Wm. M. Kreling, Wm. L. Beck, George Kreyling, Sam Nathan, James T. Adams, C. Young, Henry C. Ludwig, Bob Frye, Richard Zorn, Frank T. Fries, C. A. McCarty Leithead, and Robert Burns. Some of the above have passed to the great beyond, such as C. H. Blake, Tom Kelly, Wm. Kreling, Wm. Beck, Sam Nathan, C. Young and Frank T. Fries. And the following I don't know where they are or if they are gone—Robt. Rowan, John Ferguson, John Matula, Joe E. Kahnt,

Earl Farmer, Geo. Kreyling, James T. Adams, Henry C. Ludwig, Richard Zorn, anyone know their whereabouts?

So that means that Ralph Smith, myself, Bob Smeltzer, George Sahr, Bob Frye and Ed. Leithead are still members. Ralph Adimari is a member now, but he missed a few years along in the 30's or 40's that he was away. Ralph Smith made the little magazine as interesting as he could, and it was a help to all collectors of Dime & Nickel novels and story papers of our by gone days, as well as the authors of same. We owe Ralph a big lot for all he has done in keeping it going, but in 1930, he had to give it up, or cut out part of his book and magazine business, so again we got together, and I decided to give it a try, so I brought out the Happy Hours Mag. from Sept. to Dec. (2 months). In the meantime Bob Smeltzer wrote me, why not start the little magazine on Jan. 1931 as No. 1 of Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Round-Up, so sure enough, the good old Round-Up was born. At the end of 1930 we had 49 members. Of whom are members now—they are Ralph Smith, myself, Bob Smeltzer, Wm. M. Burns, Ralph F. Adimari, Geo. Sahr, Wm. Erbe, Edward J. Leithead, Edward J. Smeltzer, Wm. B. McCafferty, Wm. Langell, Delbert Love, and Col. Charles D. Randolph.

Other members of that time, who have passed to the great beyond, were W. C. Miller, S. Nathan, C. H. Blake, Wm. M. Kreling, William L. Beck, John J. Maroney, Thomas Kelly, Thomas J. O'Conner, C. B. Hamilton, Tilman LeBlanc, P. C. Maraske, William J. Benners, Raymond L. Caldwell, Patrick Mulhall, Geo. H. Cordier, Charles Jonas, Richard J. Tanner (Diamond Dick), Major Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill), Emmett Dalton (Last of the Dalton Boys), Col. B. R. Pearson (Idaho Bill), J. T. Spaulding (Buckskin Johnnie), and Irvin S. Cobb.

Thomas J. O'Conner, I heard somewhere he had died, but I never was sure. nor on J. T. Spaulding.

Anyway, at that time, we had some

pretty famous members, too. Just before that, Jim Cummins was a member, born down in old Missouri, but had died a short time after coming into H. H. Bro.

So you see, I had a very good start when I took over the Brotherhood & magazine from Bro. Smith.

And I ran it up until June 1952 when I in turn turned it over to your present editor, Edward T. LeBlanc of Fall River, Mass. and we all hope he'll see his way to keep the good old H. H. Bro. and Dime Novel Round-Up going, and that it will become stronger than ever.

Ralph Smith started to republish the Happy Hours Magazine with the July and Aug. issue 1930, No. 34 and ran it to No. 68, May, June 1936 from the July, Aug. 1930 issue; it was called "The Link Between the Collector and the Old-Time Periodical."

In all issues of the Happy Hours Magazine, there were a lot of very fine articles in them, as well as the Round-Up, also a few other little novel papers that were out in the old 30's. Such as Frank T. Fries "Frank Reade," Mag 1 to 13, "Midget & Blood & Thunder Mag.," Canterman's "Nov-elette," Neetz' "All Adventure," Bob Burns' "The Novel Mart," and my "Dime Novel World, The Novel Hunter and Novel Hunters Yearbook."

NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings
Fisherville, Mass.

How about collecting each others letterhead that have illustrations of novels, story papers, authors, circus or other items of interest on them. It's a nice hobby, and as Frisco Bert Couch says, they don't take up much room either.

Frisco Bert is up in Boxford, Mass. now, so no doubt he'll be paying me a visit soon.

Bill McCafferty heard from an old timer that used to be a member 12 or 15 years ago, more or less, and he sent his name and address to me—Arlie Kinkade, do you old timers remember him. I'll bet you do, so I'll see if I can get him back as a mem-

ber again.

There's a fine article on "Westerners Recall Early Days of Westerners and the West." Founders Roundup at the Old Corral find Old Timers Still Going Strong with Reminiscences after 14 years. This fine article is to be found in the Westerns Brand Book. Don Russell's got a nice little Western magazine, and lots of good stuff appear in it from out there.

Our new member Prof. Morton S. Enslin, now at Dennis Port, Mass. and after Sept. 10th will be at 16 Prospect St., Canton, N. Y. He says he greatly enjoys reading the Roundup. He is a collector of Algers, and has a nice collection of 1st editions.

Harry A. Weil took a trip on his vacation on the municipal ferry boat to St. George, Staten Island, also Battery Park, then the N.Y. Public Library and other places of interest.

Well, Carl Linville has moved to 3311 Cardiff Ave., Cincinnati 9, Ohio. This is near where he used to live, before he moved to Windsor St., 12 or 15 years ago. Says it was terribly hot when he moved, and his collection was in trunks and boxes, must of been a job and a half (I remember when I moved over here in 1932, I had one heck of a job, too. Editor.) Sure is no fun moving, how well I know.

J. P. Guinon is now on a vacation and soon's he gets back, he'll take care of all orders that came in.

There's a fine article in "Man's Conquest," (Mag.) Sept. 1956, Vol. 2, No. 3, on pages 28 to 30, 53 to 56 on "Guns of the Badmen," of the James Boys, Fords, Youngers, Belle Starr, Wyatt Earp, Black Jack Ketchum, etc.

Well, how's the extra special numbers of the Roundup coming along, I wonder—hope everyone is putting his shoulder to the wheel, so we can have a real anniversary number for the Roundups birthday, which should be a real humdinger.

And also the fine number on the complete file of Golden Days as well.

Long may the Roundup continue to come out every month—

Capt. Frank C. Acker is now at Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk 11, Va.

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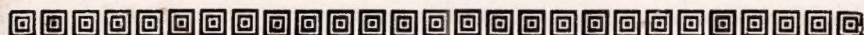
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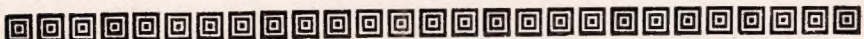
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